The Tempest

by William Shakespeare

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE TEMPEST ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold

your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the

purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's play.

Michael S. Hart

Project Gutenberg

Executive Director

* * * * *

Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of

Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in

ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the

conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

==========

The Tempest

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master,

and a Boteswaine.

Master: Bote-swaine

Botes: Heere Master: What cheere?

Master: Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall
too't, yarely, or we run our selves a ground,
bestirre, bestirre.

Enter.

Enter Mariners.

Botes: Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts:
yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th' Masters
whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and
others.

Alon: Good Boteswaine have care: where's the Master?

Play the men.

Botes: I pray now keepe below.

Anth: Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes: Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz: Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboord.

Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are
a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence,
and worke the peace of the present, wee will not
hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot,
giue thankes you haue liu'd so long, and make your
selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the
houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our
way I say.

Enter.

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks
he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion
is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging,
make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our
owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee
hang'd, our case is miserable.

Enter.

Enter Boteswaine

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower,
bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague -

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather,
or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we
giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous

incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker,

we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the
Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as
an vnstanched wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off
to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them,
for our case is as theirs

Sebas. I'am out of patience

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards,
This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning
the washing of ten Tides

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,

Though euery drop of water sweare against it,

And gape at widst to glut him.

A confused noyse within.

Mercy on vs.

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,

Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him.

Enter.

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death.

Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deerest father) you haue

Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:

The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,

But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,

Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered

With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)

Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke

Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.

Had I byn any God of power, I would

Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere

It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and

The fraughting Soules within her

Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done

Mira. O woe, the day

Pros. No harme:

I haue done nothing, but in care of thee

(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who

Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing

Of whence I am: nor that I am more better

Then Prospero, Master of a full poore cell,

And thy no greater Father

Mira. More to know

Did neuer medle with my thoughts

Pros. 'Tis time

I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand

And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,

Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,

The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd

The very vertue of compassion in thee:

I haue with such prouision in mine Art

So safely ordered, that there is no soule

No not so much perdition as an hayre

Betid to any creature in the vessell

Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit downe,

For thou must now know farther

Mira. You haue often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt

And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,

Concluding, stay: not yet

Pros. The howr's now come

The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,

Obey, and be attentiue. Canst thou remember

A time before we came vnto this Cell?

I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not

Out three yeeres old

Mira. Certainely Sir, I can

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?

Of any thing the Image, tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance

Mira. 'Tis farre off:

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance

That my remembrance warrants: Had I not

Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst; and more Miranda: But how is it

That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els

In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?

Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,

How thou cam'st here thou maist

Mira. But that I doe not

Pros. Twelue yere since (Miranda) twelue yere since,

Thy father was the Duke of Millaine and

A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and

She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of Millaine, and his onely heire,

And Princesse; no worse Issued

Mira. O the heauens,

What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.

By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,

But blessedly holpe hither

Mira. O my heart bleedes

To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Pros. My brother and thy vncle, call'd Anthonio:

I pray thee marke me, that a brother should

Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe

Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put

The mannage of my state, as at that time

Through all the signories it was the first,

And Prospero, the prime Duke, being so reputed

In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,

Without a paralell; those being all my studie,

The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,

And to my State grew stranger, being transported

And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncle

(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully

Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,

how to deny them: who t' aduance, and who

To trash for ouer-topping; new created

The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,

Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,

Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state

To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was

The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,

And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe
Pros. I pray thee marke me:

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

To closenes, and the bettering of my mind

with that, which but by being so retir'd

Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother

Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust

Like a good parent, did beget of him

A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great

As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,

A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,

Not onely with what my reuenew yeelded,

But what my power might els exact. Like one

Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,

Made such a synner of his memorie

To credite his owne lie, he did beleeue

He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution

And executing th' outward face of Roialtie

With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:

Do'st thou heare ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse

Pros. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,

And him he plaid it for, he needes will be

Absolute Millaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie

Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties

He thinks me now incapable. Confederates

(so drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples

To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage

Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend

The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore Millaine)

To most ignoble stooping

Mira. Oh the heauens:

Pros. Marke his condition, and th' euent, then tell me

If this might be a brother

Mira. I should sinne

To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of Naples being an Enemy

To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,

Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,

Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,

Should presently extirpate me and mine

Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire Millaine

With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon

A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night

Fated to th' purpose, did Anthonio open

The gates of Millaine, and ith' dead of darkenesse

The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence

Me, and thy crying selfe

Mir. Alack, for pitty:

I not remembring how I cride out then

Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint

That wrings mine eyes too't

Pro. Heare a little further,

And then I'le bring thee to the present businesse

Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story

Were most impertinent

Mir. Wherefore did they not

That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:

My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,

So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set

A marke so bloudy on the businesse; but

With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.

In few, they hurried vs aboord a Barke,

Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared

A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,

Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats

Instinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyst vs

To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh

To th' windes, whose pitty sighing backe againe

Did vs but louing wrong

Mir. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin

Thou was't that did preserue me; Thou didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heauen,

When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,

Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me

An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp

Against what should ensue

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,

Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that

A noble Neopolitan Gonzalo

Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed

Master of this designe) did giue vs, with

Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries

Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse

Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnishd me

From mine owne Library, with volumes, that

I prize aboue my Dukedome

Mir. Would I might

But euer see that man

Pro. Now I arise,

Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:

Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere

Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit

Then other Princesse can, that haue more time

For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason

For raysing this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,

By accident most strange, bountifull Fortune

(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore: And by my prescience

I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon

A most auspitious starre, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes

Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,

Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,

And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:

Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,

Approach my Ariel. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride

On the curld clowds: to thy strong bidding, taske

Ariel, and all his Qualitie

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,

Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee

Ar. To euery Article.

I boorded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,

Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,

I flam'd amazement, sometime I'ld diuide

And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,

The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,

Then meete, and ioyne. Ioues Lightning, the precursers

O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie

And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune

Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,

Yea, his dread Trident shake

Pro. My braue Spirit,

Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle

Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a soule

But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid

Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners

Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;

Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne Ferdinand

With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)

Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,

And all the Diuels are heere

Pro. Why that's my spirit:

But was not this nye shore?

Ar. Close by, my Master

Pro. But are they (Ariell) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perishd:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,

In troops I haue dispersd them 'bout the Isle:

The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,

Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,

In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting

His armes in this sad knot

Pro. Of the Kings ship,

The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,

And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour

Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once

Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe

From the still-vext Bermoothes, there she's hid;

The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,

Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour

I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet

(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,

And are vpon the Mediterranian Flote

Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,

And his great person perish

Pro. Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:

What is the time o'th' day?

Ar. Past the mid season

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now

Must by vs both be spent most preciously

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y dost giue me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me

Pro. How now? moodie?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I prethee,

Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,

Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd

Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise

To bate me a full yeere

Pro. Do'st thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ar. No

Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread y Ooze

Of the salt deepe;

To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,

To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth

When it is bak'd with frost

Ar. I doe not Sir

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot

The fowle Witch Sycorax, who with Age and Enuy

Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in Argier

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must

Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,

Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch Sycorax

For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible

To enter humane hearing, from Argier

Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did

They wold not take her life: Is not this true?

Ar. I, Sir

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,

And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my slaue,

As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,

And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate

To act her earthy, and abhord commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee

By helpe of her more potent Ministers,

And in her most vnmittigable rage,

Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift

Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine

A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,

And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes

As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island

(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,

A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with

A humane shape

Ar. Yes: Caliban her sonne

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban

Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st

What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones

Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts

Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment

To lay vpon the damn'd, which Sycorax

Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,

When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape

The Pyne, and let thee out

Ar. I thanke thee Master

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake

And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till

Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters

Ar. Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command

And doe my spryting, gently

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies

I will discharge thee

Ar. That's my noble Master:

What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,

Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible

To euery eye-ball else: goe take this shape

And hither come in't: goe: hence

With diligence.

Enter.

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,

Awake

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put

Heauinesse in me

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,

Wee'll visit Caliban, my slaue, who neuer

Yeelds vs kinde answere

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on

Pro. But as 'tis

We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,

Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices

That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: Caliban:

Thou Earth, thou: speake

Cal. within. There's wood enough within

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:

Come thou Tortoys, when?

Enter Ariel like a water Nymph.

Fine apparision: my queint Ariel,

Hearke in thine eare

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.

Enter.

Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by y diuell himselfe

Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd

With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen

Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,

And blister you all ore

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,

Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins

Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd

As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging

Then Bees that made 'em

Cal. I must eat my dinner:

This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,

Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first

Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me

Water with berries in't: and teach me how

To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse

That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee

And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,

The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,

Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes

Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:

For I am all the Subiects that you haue,

Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me

In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me

The rest o'th' Island

Pro. Thou most lying slaue,

Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee

(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee

In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate

The honor of my childe

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:

Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else

This Isle with Calibans

Mira. Abhorred Slaue,

Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,

Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre

One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)

Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes

With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race

(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou

Deseruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst

Deseru'd more then a prison

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't

Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you

For learning me your language

Pros. Hag-seed, hence:

Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best

To answer other businesse: shrug'st thou (Malice)

If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly

What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,

Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,

That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn

Cal. No, 'pray thee.

I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,

It would controll my Dams god Setebos,

And make a vassaile of him

Pro. So slaue, hence.

Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands, and then

take hands:

Curtsied when you haue, and kist the wilde waues whist:

Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare

the burthen.

Burthen dispersedly.

Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh

Ar. Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticlere

cry cockadidle-dowe

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th' earth?

It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon

Some God o'th' Iland, sitting on a banke,

Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.

This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,

Allaying both their fury, and my passion

With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it

(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.

No, it begins againe

Ariell Song. Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,

Of his bones are Corrall made:

Those are pearles that were his eies,

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a Sea-change

Into something rich, & strange:

Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,

This is no mortall busines, nor no sound

That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,

And say what thou see'st yond
Mira. What is't a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,

It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit
Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses

As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest

Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd

With greefe (that's beauties canker) y might'st call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,

And strayes about to finde 'em

Mir. I might call him

A thing diuine, for nothing naturall

I euer saw so Noble

Pro. It goes on I see

As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee

Within two dayes for this

Fer. Most sure the Goddesse

On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r

May know if you remaine vpon this Island,

And that you will some good instruction giue

How I may beare me heere: my prime request

(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)

If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,

But certainly a Mayd

Fer. My Language? Heauens:

I am the best of them that speake this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken

Pro. How? the best?

What wer't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To heare thee speake of Naples: he do's heare me,

And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am Naples,

Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld

The King my Father wrack't

Mir. Alacke, for mercy

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millaine

And his braue sonne, being twaine

Pro. The Duke of Millaine

And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee

If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight

They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,

Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,

I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word

Mir. Why speakes my father so vngently? This

Is the third man that ere I saw: the first

That ere I sigh'd for: pitty moue my father

To be enclin'd my way

Fer. O, if a Virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you

The Queene of Naples

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.

They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines

I must vneasie make, least too light winning

Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee

That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe

The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe

Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it

From me, the Lord on't

Fer. No, as I am a man

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,

If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,

Good things will striue to dwell with't

Pro. Follow me

Pros. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,

Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:

Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be

The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes

Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow

Fer. No,

I will resist such entertainment, till

Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.

Mira. O deere Father,

Make not too rash a triall of him, for

Hee's gentle, and not fearfull

Pros. What I say,

My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,

Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience

Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,

For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke,

And make thy weapon drop

Mira. Beseech you Father

Pros. Hence: hang not on my garments

Mira. Sir haue pity,

Ile be his surety

Pros. Silence: One word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,

An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush:

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,

(Hauing seene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench,

To th' most of men, this is a Caliban,

And they to him are Angels

Mira. My affections

Are then most humble: I haue no ambition

To see a goodlier man

Pros. Come on, obey:

Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.

And haue no vigour in them

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:

My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,

The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,

To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth

Let liberty make vse of: space enough

Haue I in such a prison

Pros. It workes: Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariell: follow me,

Harke what thou else shalt do mee

Mira. Be of comfort,

My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)

Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted

Which now came from him

Pros. Thou shalt be as free

As mountaine windes; but then exactly do

All points of my command

Ariell. To th' syllable

Pros. Come follow: speake not for him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and
others.

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,

(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe

Is common, euery day, some Saylors wife,

The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant

Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,

(I meane our preseruation) few in millions

Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh

Our sorrow, with our comfort

Alons. Prethee peace

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore so

Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,

By and by it will strike

Gon. Sir

Seb. One: Tell

Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind,

That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer

Seb. A dollor

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken

truer then you purpos'd

Seb. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you

should

Gon. Therefore my Lord

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue

Alon. I pre-thee spare

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,

First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke

Ant. The Cockrell

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter

Seb. A match

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert

Seb. Ha, ha, ha

Ant. So: you'r paid

Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life

Ant. True, saue meanes to liue

Seb. Of that there's none, or little

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny

Seb. With an eye of greene in't

Ant. He misses not much

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte water

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would

it not say he lyes?

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage

of the kings faire daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in

our returne

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon

to their Queene

Gon. Not since widdow Dido's time

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow

in? Widdow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said Widdower aeneas too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow Dido said you? You make me study

of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis

Gon. This Tunis Sir was Carthage

Adri. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you Carthage

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his

pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring

forth more Islands

Gon. I

Ant. Why in good time

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow Dido

Ant. O Widdow Dido? I, Widdow Dido

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against

the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer

Married my daughter there: For comming thence

My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,

Who is so farre from Italy remoued,

I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire

Of Naples and of Millaine, what strange fish

Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,

I saw him beate the surges vnder him,

And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water

Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested

The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head

'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared

Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke

To th' shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed

As stooping to releeue him: I not doubt

He came aliue to Land

Alon. No, no, hee's gone

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,

That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,

But rather loose her to an Affrican,

Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't

Alon. Pre-thee peace

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise

By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe

Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at

Which end o'th' beame should bow: we haue lost your son,

I feare for euer: Millaine and Naples haue

Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,

Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne

Alon. So is the deer'st oth' losse

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,

And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaister

Seb. Very well

Ant. And most Chirurgeonly

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,

When you are cloudy

Seb. Fowle weather?

Ant. Very foule

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord

Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)

Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,

And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:

No vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Soueraignty

Seb. Yet he would be King on't

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets

the beginning

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce

Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, fellony,

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine

Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth

Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance

To feed my innocent people

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I would with such perfection gouerne Sir:

T' Excell the Golden Age

Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty

Ant. Long liue Gonzalo

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to me

Gon. I do well beleeue your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse to laugh at nothing

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still

Ant. What a blow was there giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it fiue weekes without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes

Would (with themselues) shut vp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do so

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,

While you take your rest, and watch your safety

Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Clymate

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde

Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might

Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more:

And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination see's a Crowne

Dropping vpon thy head
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me speake?
Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:

And yet so fast asleepe

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st

Whiles thou art waking

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you

Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,

Trebbles thee o're

Seb. Well: I am standing water

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow

Seb. Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it

You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

By their owne feare, or sloth

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throwes thee much to yeeld

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded

(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely

Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,

'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,

As he that sleepes heere, swims

Seb. I haue no hope

That hee's vndrown'd

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is

Another way so high a hope, that euen

Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond

But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd

Seb. He's gone

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of Naples?

Seb. Claribell

Ant. She that is Queene of Tunis: she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples

Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:

The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes

Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,

(And by that destiny) to performe an act

Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come

In yours, and my discharge

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis,

So is she heyre of Naples, 'twixt which Regions

There is some space

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribell

Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse

Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples

As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate

As amply, and vnnecessarily

As this Gonzallo: I my selfe could make

A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore

The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this

For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

Seb. Me thinkes I do

Ant. And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother Prospero

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,

Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants

Were then my fellowes, now they are my men

Seb. But for your conscience

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe

'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not

This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences

That stand 'twixt me, and Millaine, candied be they,

And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,

No better then the earth he lies vpon,

If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)

Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)

Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who

Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest

They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,

They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that

We say befits the houre

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou got'st Millaine,

I'le come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,

And I the King shall loue thee

Ant. Draw together:

And when I reare my hand, do you the like

To fall it on Gonzalo

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger

That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth

(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

While you here do snoaring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracie

His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care,

Shake off slumber and beware.

Awake, awake

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine

Gon. Now, good Angels preserue the King

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,

(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?

It strooke mine eare most terribly

Alo. I heard nothing

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;

To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare

Of a whole heard of Lyons

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,

(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:

I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,

I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,

That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further search

For my poore sonne

Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:

For he is sure i'th Island

Alo. Lead away

Ariell. Prospero my Lord, shall know what I haue done.

So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of thunder heard.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp

From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By ynch-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,

And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,

Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,

Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke

Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em; but

For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,

Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,

And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which

Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount

Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I

All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues

Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo,

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me

For bringing wood in slowly: I'le fall flat,

Perchance he will not minde me

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it
sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge
one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his
licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by pailefuls. What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the
newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in England
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not
a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer:
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see
a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion;
hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander,
that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder
his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout:
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes:
I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme
be past.

Enter Stephano singing..

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.

This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans

Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinkes.

Sings.

The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;

The Gunner, and his Mate

Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,

But none of vs car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:

She lou'd not the sauour of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.

This is a scuruy tune too:

But here's my comfort.

Drinks.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh

Ste. What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of
Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as proper
a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while Stephano
breathes at' nostrils

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell

should he learne our language? I will giue him some reliefe
if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe
him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Present
for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my
wood home faster

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the
wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer
drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit:
if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that soundly

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon,
I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper workes
vpon thee

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here
is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your
mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and
that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open
your chaps againe

Tri. I should know that voyce:

It should be,

But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend

me

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth

Tri. Stephano

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speake to me: for I am Trinculo; be not afeard, thy good friend Trinculo

Ste. If thou bee'st Trinculo: come forth: I'le pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, these are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeede: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent Trinculo's?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround Stephano: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitanes scap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke
is not constant

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights:
that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will
kneele to him

Ste. How did'st thou scape?
How cam'st thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd
vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o'reboord,
by this Bottle which I made of the barke of
a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'shore

Cal. I'le sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect,
for the liquor is not earthly

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim
like a Ducke i'le be sworne

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.
Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made
like a Goose

Tri. O Stephano, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke
by th' sea-side, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the

Man ith' Moone, when time was

Cal. I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:

My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will

furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster:

I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:

The Man ith' Moone?

A most poore creadulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth

Cal. Ile shew thee euery fertill ynch o'th Island: and

I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken

Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot, Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed
Monster: a most scuruie Monster: I could finde in
my heart to beate him

Ste. Come, kisse

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke:

An abhominable Monster

Cal. I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee

Berries: I'le fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;

I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou

wondrous man

Tri. A most rediculous Monster, to make a wonder of

a poore drunkard

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow;
and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts;
show thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare
the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to clustring
Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get thee young Scamels
from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more
talking. Trinculo, the King, and all our company else
being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my
Bottle: Fellow Trinculo; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome highday,

freedome

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor

Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse

Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters

Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske

Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but

The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is

Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue

Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,

Vpon a sore iniunction; my sweet Mistris

Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes

Had neuer like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,

Most busie lest, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda | and Prospero.

Mir. Alas, now pray you

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:

Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes

'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father

Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,

Hee's safe for these three houres

Fer. O most deere Mistris

The Sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must striue to do

Mir. If you'l sit downe

Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,

Ile carry it to the pile

Fer. No precious Creature,

I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,

Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,

While I sit lazy by

Mir. It would become me

As well as it do's you; and I should do it

With much more ease: for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,

This visitation shewes it

Mir. You looke wearily

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night: I do beseech you

Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,

What is your name?

Mir. Miranda, O my Father,

I haue broke your hest to say so

Fer. Admir'd Miranda,

Indeede the top of Admiration, worth

What's deerest to the world: full many a Lady

I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent eare: for seuerall vertues

Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any

With so full soule, but some defect in her

Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foile. But you, O you,

So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created

Of euerie Creatures best

Mir. I do not know

One of my sexe; no womans face remember,

Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene

More that I may call men, then you good friend,

And my deere Father: how features are abroad

I am skillesse of; but by my modestie

(The iewell in my dower) I would not wish

Any Companion in the world but you:

Nor can imagination forme a shape

Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle

Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts

I therein do forget

Fer. I am, in my condition

A Prince (Miranda) I do thinke a King

(I would not so) and would no more endure

This wodden slauerie, then to suffer

The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.

The verie instant that I saw you, did

My heart flie to your seruice, there resides

To make me slaue to it, and for your sake

Am I this patient Logge-man

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,

And crowne what I professe with kinde euent

If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert

What best is boaded me, to mischiefe: I,

Beyond all limit of what else i'th world

Do loue, prize, honor you

Mir. I am a foole

To weepe at what I am glad of

Pro. Faire encounter

Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace

On that which breeds betweene 'em

Fer. Wherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer

What I desire to giue; and much lesse take

What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,

And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,

The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,

And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.

I am your wife, if you will marrie me;

If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow

You may denie me, but Ile be your seruant

Whether you will or no

Fer. My Mistris (deerest)

And I thus humble euer

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing

As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel

Till halfe an houre hence

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,

Who are surpriz'd with all; but my reioycing

At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,

For yet ere supper time, must I performe

Much businesse appertaining.

Enter.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monster, drinke to me

Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they say there's but fiue vpon this Isle; we are three of them, if th' other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters

Ste. Drinke seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy

eies are almost set in thy head

Trin. Where should they bee set else? hee were a

braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam ere I could recouer the shore, fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet

say nothing neither

Ste. Moone-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest

a good Moone-calfe

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe:

Ile not serue him, he is not valiant

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case
to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou,
was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much
Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my

Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such

a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If
you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's
my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd

to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it,

I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariell inuisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant,

A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me

Of the Island

Ariell. Thou lyest

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou:

I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

I do not lye

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,

By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth

Trin. Why, I said nothing

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle

From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will

Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st)

But this Thing dare not

Ste. That's most certaine

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee

Ste. How now shall this be compast?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,

Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch:

I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes,

And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,

He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him

Where the quicke Freshes are

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:

Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this

hand, Ile turne my mercie out o' doores, and make a

Stockfish of thee

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:

Ile go farther off

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,

As you like this, giue me the lye another time

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and

hearing too?

A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:

A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your

fingers

Cal. Ha, ha, ha

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand

further off

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time

Ile beate him too

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him

I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,

Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not

One Spirit to command: they all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,

He ha's braue Vtensils (for so he calles them)

Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.

And that most deeply to consider, is

The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe

Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman

But onely Sycorax my Dam, and she;

But she as farre surpasseth Sycorax,

As great'st do's least

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth braue brood

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and

I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and Trinculo

and thy selfe shall be Viceroyes:

Dost thou like the plot Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:

But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour

Ariell. This will I tell my Master

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,

Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch

You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason,

Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em,

Thought is free

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture

of No-body

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:

If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list

Trin. O forgiue me my sinnes

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;

Mercy vpon vs

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,

Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:

Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments

Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,

That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,

Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open, and shew riches

Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd

I cri'de to dreame againe

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,

Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd

Ste. That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie

Trin. The sound is going away,

Lets follow it, and after do our worke

Ste. Leade Monster,

Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,

He layes it on

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow Stephano.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,

My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede

Through fourth-rights, & Meanders: by your patience,

I needes must rest me

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse

To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:

Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it

No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd

Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:

Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose

That you resolu'd t' effect

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly

Ant. Let it be to night,

For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they

Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (inuisible:)
Enter seuerall strange shapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance
about it with

gentle actions of salutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eate,
they
depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke

Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke

Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heaue[n]s: what were these?

Seb. A liuing Drolerie: now I will beleeue

That there are Vnicornes: that in Arabia

There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix

At this houre reigning there

Ant. Ile beleeue both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me

And Ile besworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,

Though fooles at home condemne 'em

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they beleeue me?

If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

Our humaine generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost any

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;

Are worse then diuels

Al. I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing

(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde

Of excellent dumbe discourse

Pro. Praise in departing

Fr. They vanish'd strangely

Seb. No matter, since

They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue stomacks.

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alo. Not I

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were Boyes

Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneeres,

Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde

Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs

Good warrant of

Al. I will stand to, and feede,

Although my last, no matter, since I feele

The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,

Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings vpon
the Table, and with a quient deuice the Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny

That hath to instrument this lower world,

And what is in't: the neuer surfeited Sea,

Hath caus'd to belch vp you: and on this Island,

Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,

Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;

And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne

Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes

Are ministers of Fate, the Elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs

Kill the still closing waters, as diminish

One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers

Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,

And will not be vplifted: But remember

(For that's my businesse to you) that you three

From Millaine did supplant good Prospero,

Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)

Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,

The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue

Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures

Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alonso

They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me

Lingring perdition (worse then any death

Can be at once) shall step, by step attend

You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,

Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals

Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,

And a cleere life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the shapes
againe,
and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, hast thou

Perform'd (my Ariell) a grace it had deuouring:

Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated

In what thou had'st to say: so with good life,

And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers

Their seuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,

And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp

In their distractions: they now are in my powre;

And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit

Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is droun'd)

And his, and mine lou'd darling

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you

In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:

Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,

The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder

(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd

The name of Prosper: it did base my Trespasse,

Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and

I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,

And with him there lye mudded.

Enter.

Seb. But one feend at a time,

Ile fight their Legions ore

Ant. Ile be thy Second.

Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt

(Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)

Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you

(That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,

And hinder them from what this extasie

May now prouoke them to

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt. omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austerely punish'd you,

Your compensation makes amends, for I

Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,

Or that for which I liue: who, once againe

I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations

Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou

Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen

I ratifie this my rich guift: O Ferdinand,

Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,

For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise

And make it halt, behinde her

Fer. I doe beleeue it

Against an Oracle

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But

If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before

All sanctimonious ceremonies may

With full and holy right, be ministred,

No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall

To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,

Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew

The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly

That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,

As Hymens Lamps shall light you

Fer. As I hope

For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,

With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,

The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,

Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt

Mine honor into lust, to take away

The edge of that dayes celebration,

When I shall thinke, or Phoebus Steeds are founderd,

Or Night kept chain'd below

Pro. Fairely spoke;

Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;

What Ariell; my industrious serua[n]t Ariell.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice

Did worthily performe: and I must vse you

In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble

(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:

Incite them to quicke motion, for I must

Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple

Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,

And they expect it from me

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,

And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:

Each one tripping on his Toe,

Will be here with mop, and mowe.

Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate Ariell: doe not approach

Till thou do'st heare me call

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Enter.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance

Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw

To th' fire ith' blood: be more abstenious,

Or else good night your vow

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,

The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart

Abates the ardour of my Liuer

Pro. Well.

Now come my Ariell, bring a Corolary,

Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly.

Soft musick.

No tongue: all eyes: be silent.

Enter Iris.

Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas

Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;

Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,

And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:

Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims

Which spungie Aprill, at thy hest betrims;

To make cold Nymphes chast crownes; & thy broomegroues;

Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues,

Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,

And thy Sea-marge stirrile, and rockey-hard,

Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,

Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.

Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace,
Iuno descends.
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place

To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertaine.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere

Do'st disobey the wife of Iupiter:

Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres

Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,

And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne

My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,

Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene

Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,

And some donation freely to estate

On the bles'd Louers

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,

If Venus or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,

Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot

The meanes, that duskie Dis, my daughter got,

Her, and her blind-Boyes scandald company,

I haue forsworne

Ir. Of her societie

Be not afraid: I met her deitie

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos: and her Son

Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done

Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,

Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid

Till Hymens Torch be lighted: but in vaine,

Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,

Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,

Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,

And be a Boy right out

Cer. Highest Queene of State,

Great Iuno comes, I know her by her gate

Iu. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me

To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,

And honourd in their Issue.

They sing.

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,

Long continuance, and encreasing,

Hourely ioyes, be still vpon you,

Iuno sings her blessings on you.

Earths increase, foyzon plentie,

Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.

Vines, with clustring bunches growing,

Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:

Spring come to you at the farthest,

In the very end of Haruest.

Scarcity and want shall shun you,

Ceres blessing so is on you

Fer. This is a most maiesticke vision, and

Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold

To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art

I haue from their confines call'd to enact

My present fancies

Fer. Let me liue here euer,

So rare a wondred Father, and a wise

Makes this place Paradise

Pro. Sweet now, silence:

Iuno and Ceres whisper seriously,

There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute

Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You Nimphs cald Nayades of y windring brooks,

With your sedg'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes,

Leaue your crispe channels, and on this green-Land

Answere your summons, Iuno do's command.

Come temperate Nimphes, and helpe to celebrate

A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,

Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,

Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,

And these fresh Nimphes encounter euery one

In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes,
in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero starts sodainly

and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they
heauily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy

Of the beast Calliban, and his confederates

Against my life: the minute of their plot

Is almost come: Well done, auoid: no more

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion

That workes him strongly

Mir. Neuer till this day

Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd sort,

As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,

Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,

(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and

Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,

And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision

The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,

The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,

And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded

Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe

As dreames are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,

Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:

Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,

If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,

And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke

To still my beating minde

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

Enter.

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee Ariell: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented Ceres

I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd

Least I might anger thee

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,

So full of valour, that they smote the ayre

For breathing in their faces: beate the ground

For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending

Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,

At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,

Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses

As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares

That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through

Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,

Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them

I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,

There dancing vp to th' chins, that the fowle Lake

Ore-stunck their feet

Pro. This was well done (my bird)

Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:

The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither

For stale to catch these theeues

Ar. I go, I goe.

Enter.

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature

Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,

And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,

So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,

Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter Caliban,

Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may

not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell

St. Monster, your Fairy, w you say is a harmles Fairy,

Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which

My nose is in great indignation

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should

Take a displeasure against you: Looke you

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,

Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too

Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,

All's husht as midnight yet

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that

Monster, but an infinite losse

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:

Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,

Though I be o're eares for my labour

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere

This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:

Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island

Thine owne for euer, and I thy Caliban

For aye thy foot-licker

Ste. Giue me thy hand,

I do begin to haue bloody thoughts

Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy Stephano,

Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a

frippery, O King Stephano

Ste. Put off that gowne (Trinculo) by this hand Ile

haue that gowne

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you meane

To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone

And doe the murther first: if he awake,

From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,

Make vs strange stuffe

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this
my Ierkin? how is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin
you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and't

like your grace

Ste. I thank thee for that iest; heer's a garment for't:

Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this

Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe

of pate: there's another garment for't

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fingers,

and away with the rest

Cal. I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time,

And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes

With foreheads villanous low

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this
away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you

out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this

Tri. And this

Ste. I, and this.

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs

and

Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, Siluer

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts

With dry Convultions, shorten vp their sinewes

With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,

Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine

Ari. Harke, they rore

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little

Follow, and doe me seruice.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:

My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time

Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord

You said our worke should cease

Pro. I did say so,

When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,

How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,

Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir

In the Line-groue which weather-fends your Cell,

They cannot boudge till your release: The King,

His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,

And the remainder mourning ouer them,

Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzallo,

His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops

From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender
Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?
Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane
Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,

One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharpely,

Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?

Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie

Doe I take part: the rarer Action is

In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frowne further: Goe, release them Ariell,

My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,

And they shall be themselues

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Enter.

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, sta[n]ding lakes & groues,

And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote

Doe chase the ebbingNeptune, and doe flie him

When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that

By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,

Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime

Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce

To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde

(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd

The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,

And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault

Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder

Haue I giuen fire, and rifted Ioues stowt Oke

With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie

Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp

The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command

Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth

By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke

I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd

Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)

To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that

This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,

Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,

And deeper then did euer Plummet sound

Ile drowne my booke.

Solemne musicke.

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture, attended
by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and
Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there
stand charm'd: which Prospero obseruing, speakes.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,

To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines

(Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand

For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy Gonzallo, Honourable man,

Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine

Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace,

And as the morning steales vpon the night

(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences

Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their cleerer reason. O good Gonzallo

My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,

To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces

Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Did thou Alonso, vse me, and my daughter:

Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,

Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud,

You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,

Expelld remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)

Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,

Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding

Begins to swell, and the approching tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them

That yet lookes on me, or would know me: Ariell,

Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,

I will discase me, and my selfe present

As I was sometime Millaine: quickly Spirit,

Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,

In a Cowslips bell, I lie,

There I cowch when Owles doe crie,

On the Batts backe I doe flie

after Sommer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,

Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow

Pro. Why that's my dainty Ariell: I shall misse

Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so,

To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art,

There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe

Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine

Being awake, enforce them to this place;

And presently, I pre'thee

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne

Or ere your pulse twice beate.

Enter.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs

Out of this fearefull Country

Pro. Behold Sir King

The wronged Duke of Millaine, Prospero:

For more assurance that a liuing Prince

Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,

And to thee, and thy Company, I bid

A hearty welcome

Alo. Where thou bee'st he or no,

Or some inchanted triflle to abuse me,

(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse

Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,

Th' affliction of my minde amends, with which

I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue

(And if this be at all) a most strange story.

Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold Prospero

Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot

Be measur'd, or confin'd

Gonz. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'le not sweare

Pro. You doe yet taste

Some subtleties o'th' Isle, that will nor let you

Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,

But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded

I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you

And iustifie you Traitors: at this time

I will tell no tales

Seb. The Diuell speakes in him:

Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother

Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue

Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require

My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know

Thou must restore

Alo. If thou beest Prospero

Giue vs particulars of thy preseruation,

How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since

Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue lost

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)

My deere sonne Ferdinand

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience

Saies, it is past her cure

Pro. I rather thinke

You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace

For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,

And rest my selfe content

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable

To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker

Then you may call to comfort you; for I

Haue lost my daughter

Alo. A daughter?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in Naples

The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish

My selfe were mudded in that oozie bed

Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords

At this encounter doe so much admire,

That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke

Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words

Are naturall breath: but howsoeu'r you haue

Beene iustled from your sences, know for certain

That I am Prospero, and that very Duke

Which was thrust forth of Millaine, who most strangely

Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed

To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,

For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a break-fast, nor

Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;

This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,

And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:

My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,

I will requite you with as good a thing,

At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye

As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at

Chesse.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false

Fer. No my dearest loue,

I would not for the world

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle,

And I would call it faire play

Alo. If this proue

A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne

Shall I twice loose

Seb. A most high miracle

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,

I haue curs'd them without cause

Alo. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father, compasse thee about:

Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere

Mir. O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere?

How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

That has such people in't

Pro. 'Tis new to thee

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:

Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,

And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;

But by immortall prouidence, she's mine;

I chose her when I could not aske my Father

For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,

Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne,

But neuer saw before: of whom I haue

Receiu'd a second life; and second Father

This Lady makes him to me

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it sound, that I

Must aske my childe forgiuenesse?

Pro. There Sir stop,

Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with

A heauinesse that's gon

Gon. I haue inly wept,

Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods

And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;

For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way

Which brought vs hither

Alo. I say Amen, Gonzallo

Gon. Was Millaine thrust from Millaine, that his Issue

Should become Kings of Naples? O reioyce

Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe

With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage

Did Claribell her husband finde at Tunis,

And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,

Where he himselfe was lost: Prospero, his Dukedome

In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,

When no man was his owne

Alo. Giue me your hands:

Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,

That doth not wish you ioy

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:

I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land

This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,

That swear'st Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,

Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found

Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,

Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,

Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when

We first put out to Sea

Ar. Sir, all this seruice

Haue I done since I went

Pro. My tricksey Spirit

Alo. These are not naturall euents, they strengthen

From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,

I'ld striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,

And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,

Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses

Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,

And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;

Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master

Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,

Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,

And were brought moaping hither

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,

And there is in this businesse, more then nature

Was euer conduct of: some Oracle

Must rectifie our knowledge

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infest your minde, with beating on

The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure

(Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolue you,

(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery

These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull

And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,

Set Caliban, and his companions free:

Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet missing of your Companie

Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their

stolne

Apparell.

Ste. Euery man shift for all the rest, and let

No man take care for himselfe; for all is

But fortune: Coragio Bully-Monster Coragio

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,

here's a goodly sight

Cal. O Setebos, these be braue Spirits indeede:

How fine my Master is? I am afraid

He will chastise me

Seb. Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord Anthonio?

Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,

Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;

His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong

That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,

And deale in her command, without her power:

These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you

Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I

Acknowledge mine

Cal. I shall be pincht to death

Alo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

Alo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,

That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:

I shall not feare fly-blowing

Seb. Why how now Stephano?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a Cramp

Pro. You'ld be King o'the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a sore one then

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions: as you looke

To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,

And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse

Was I to take this drunkard for a god?

And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it

Seb. Or stole it rather

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine

To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest

For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste

With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it

Goe quicke away: The story of my life,

And the particular accidents, gon by

Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne

I'le bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall

Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,

And thence retire me to my Millaine, where

Euery third thought shall be my graue

Alo. I long

To heare the story of your life; which must

Take the eare strangely

Pro. I'le deliuer all,

And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,

And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch

Your Royall fleete farre off: My Ariel; chicke

That is thy charge: Then to the Elements

Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.

Exeunt. omnes.

EPILOGVE, spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charmes are all ore-throwne,

And what strength I haue's mine owne.

Which is most faint: now 'tis true

I must be heere confinde by you,

Or sent to Naples, Let me not

Since I haue my Dukedome got,

And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell

In this bare Island, by your Spell,

But release me from my bands

With the helpe of your good hands:

Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes

Must fill, or else my proiect failes,

Which was to please: Now I want

Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,

And my ending is despaire,

Vnlesse I be relieu'd by praier

Which pierces so, that it assaults

Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,

Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.

Anthonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of Millaine.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councellor.

Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a saluage and deformed slaue.

Trinculo, a Iester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris

Ceres

Iuno

Nymphes

Reapers

Spirits.

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